

Together Until the End

by peachdoxie

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-28 04:43:47

Updated: 2014-08-28 04:43:47

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:47:17

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 736

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: There has been peace on Berk for many years. The end has come.

## Together Until the End

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third sits on the front of his house, watching his great-grandchildren play with their dragons in the square below. He smiles. The time of fighting dragons is more than fifty years past. Hiccup has only one friend remaining who still remembers the time before the Vikings and dragons made peace. The era is distant, but Hiccup remembers those days with every step he takes and he is glad times are changed.

The sun is setting. Hiccup goes to bed early that night.

In the morning, Hiccup's son and Chief of the tribe, Stoick the Second, finds his father curled up in Toothless' arms. His mother once told him that sometimes she would wake up and find Hiccup like this, asleep with his dragon. He never told Astrid why he would sleep like that, but she suspected that when Hiccup had nightmares, he would find solace in his best friend. Stoick knew from his mother that they had found Hiccup and Toothless in a similar position the day the war ended. Recently, Stoick has found his father like this more mornings than not, in the arms of his best friend. But today something is different.

Quietly, Stoick walks over to his father and the Night Fury. The dragon eyes him tiredly. He has been getting weaker for a long time. Hiccup had expected Toothless to pass long ago, but the Night Fury has managed to hold onto life this long. The Chief moves to wake his father, but Toothless tightens his grasp on Hiccup. Stoick gently tries to pull Hiccup back towards him, and his hands brush against the old man's skin. It is cold, and Stoick realizes that his father is not breathing. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third has died in his sleep.

Stoick leaves to gather his wife. They return to the house to prepare for the funeral. Stoick and his wife try to remove Hiccup's body from Toothless' grip, but the dragon refuses to let go. For a moment, the two Vikings wonder what to do, and then Stoick crouches down in front of Toothless and looks the dragon in the eyes. Toothless' eyes are weary, but pleading, asking Stoick to give him his own time to mourn his best friend. The man holds the dragon's gaze for a few seconds before reaching out and placing his palm on Toothless' nose, using the very first thing his father ever taught him about dealing with dragons.

Toothless does not react immediately. He continues to look in Stoick's eyes, and then closes his own and rests his head on the ground. The dragon lets out a long, slow sigh, and his hold on Hiccup relaxes. Stoick removes his hand and looks at the dragon. Toothless has a small smile of contentment on his still face.

The funeral is the most solemn the isle of Berk has held in a long time. They arrange Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third in the arms of Toothless, the manner in which Astrid often found them and in which the two found the most comfort in each other, wearing their riding gear from the days of their youth. The ship is set adrift, a grand masterpiece with a Night Fury as the figurehead, outfitted with gadgets and tools of Hiccup's own design.

A group of Vikings with bows stand with their dragons on the rocky shores of Berk, Stoick the Second at the front. He nocks a flaming arrow onto his bow, draws, aims, and shoots. In the dying light of the day, the arrow soars through the air and lands at the foot of the pyre. The other archers release their arrows, and the dragons among them fire straight into the air in their own tribute. The sky is lit with multicolored fire, colorful lights reflecting on the waters between the island and the boat floating on the open sea. Within seconds, the lights fade and the last arrow falls, leaving the ship a single blaze, bright in the dark night.

Slowly, the fire becomes dimmer, the ship carried away until it is little more than a speck on the horizon. The dragons and Vikings remain on the shores of Berk until the light finally disappears. It is hard not to mourn the heroes that united their two cultures and the best friends who died within hours of each other.

End  
file.